North House. 9th June.

Dearest Creature,

They only sent on your book from the Press yesterday, so I've not read it, & shant read it till I can get a clear space – a clear mind, when I shall talk upon it like a parrot, & you want my opinion (not that I have much mind to give to opinions at the moment) you shall have it. At present this is only a heartfelt heart thanking you for your present.

It's a very handsome looking book, as I see: – Lud, how I envy you – collecting all those pretty animals in your pink Tower.

I've been rather cursed again with sleeplessness, so we stayed on; – I have hardly had my nose beyond the garden, & to bed not rising up so Seasonable.

be jumping Pomeranians for a time, since there's so much to
do to, to Leonard after, in London. But I hope to come
back again soon, & drown away most of the summer
down here. London seems to me a parrot cage — a
lion town — ah that's roaring, glaring, caged, &
venomous.

But what I wanted to say was about Eddy.
I was touched that he should want to make up the
quarrel. Of course, I am more than willing.
Will you convey this to him, should you see him.
(Take it from me that it is a genuine desire: not
merely, as though there would vanity in my
part, a snobbishness: I mean its affection, not
wish to dine in Bloomsbury.)
Only I shant be back till October. If he
would like to come then, I shall be
delighted.

I am doing [illegible] 3/4 hour daily at proofs:
at this rate, it'll take me about 6 years.
And is it worth it? Oh Lord! I'm so
many letters to write. Ethel: Mrs. de Polignac is
on the rampage: do you [illegible] those idiotic societies: André
Ride: & Prof. Grierson. Are you working for his
book? I really can't. Thanks again
for Joan. V.

HAMILL & BARKER 2/15/62

Monks House

Monday 29th Jan. 1936.

What a time I've been thanking you for your book! But my brain is an engine that only runs 10 minutes at a time. Now I've just done it, & you want my opinion, worthless as I feel it concerning the lump of putty where there should be a brain, I think it a solid, strong, satisfactory, most respectable & established work; done laid to stone; squared, & cemented, & all weather tight, & I'd be likely to last these many years. My only criticism is that you've been so damned fair that one lacks now & then a kind of wrench towards the middle of the road, not just enough rush & flight to make Jeanne angular: to make her I mean rise up identical above all these facts. I see the difficulties. And I expect this was the better

way. Only as there is no letter one can know for certain, I wished sometimes you had guessed more freely. That's all: I no doubt it's a perverted & personal criticism. What's interesting is the whole, however, not the parts. I keep speculating — what is what I say, not in all books: not themselves: what they make me think. How I wish you'd write another Shakespeare: what the French peasant at that time believed. I can't help thinking the general state of mind was so different from ours, that voice, saints, Came, not through God, but through a common psychology: why was such an able to write poetry: to carve statues; paint pictures? — then, & not now. So that they could believed where we can't. Or rather, our belief is hardly perceptible to us, love is but with here & there who wants one sense to 600 years. Therefore... but one we do believe, follow this out. I see, we do believe, not in God though: nature anyhow. And I can't lay hand sacrilegiously on your 'unity'. Perhaps I mean, belief is almost unconscious. And the living belief now is in human beings. For example, to work off a letter. how angelically you behave to the

Vogah Ben! Generous, humane, honourable. In Jeanne's time none of these qualities existed. Therefore they heard heavenly voices. for no doubt the human vessel is so limited that it can only contain a few gallons detached impersonal feelings at one time. As a psychologist Rouet is far in advance of Ronsard. My perception of you perceptions is far truer than any 2 women's in 1436. On the other hand, the Roadnell church has some of the nothing but antipathy to the Xtian religion — more especially as they set Mrs Emerys dogs barking.

But what I meant to say was I think its a miserable & wholesome work: a

entirely to the credit of the pink
tower & the dover, also of the
solitary bull. (Oh how I liked
that poem — the best you ever
wrote — to V. W..) all I
could wish is that you had not been
haunted by the ghost of Lytton into
avoiding all his faults. some of
his merits. But then the facts —
the swarm of facts. How can
anyone left a pen freely
among them!

Yes. you are an angel about
the pen: & to contradict my own
theory of contemporary humanity,
not one of our authors ever treats
us as kindly as you do. No
these a path of lily-leveled
money ~~haunted~~ mercantile muddy
at this: I did it myself.
who take all, give nothing

Virginia
Woolf

Virginia
Woolf

Monks Horne. 25th Sept 1936

1. Yes, I should be sorry, very, if Ethel died.

2. Might we come over on the 24th? Some time in the afternoon? At least, might we plan this, & if necessary, I mean if the usual headache showed [illegible] descend, but put on off? I'm ever so much better, in fact in robust health & dogs out every even. Only the seventh might be the 24th. I'm putting Esther a long tea to Ethel Hugh, as I find there [illegible] interviews, & she can't help it, the devil. Don't know. I mean, that I am all right: but draw two very a picture, a I shall be abused, in that after that,... no, perhaps that's [illegible] This been Extraordinarily unrelenting.

warm hearted.

3. The Amberleys are dead. Amberleys father was Lord John Russell, son of a duke of Bedford. I come across some Lady ... Sackville West his Cousin. But Bertie is lunching him. I shall get all the family gossip.

Oh I've so many books in my head that I want to write. Big money, and turn wearily to my proof. I think of a new one, and curse the old. But I don't regret that I should take on your marchesa, fascinating though it sounds.

Let me have a card, if not a letter, about

24th.

How is Sibyl?

The mouse lonely here that with end: I lied to her.

Send me a card from Skye.

Monks House, Pipe lights still the joy of my life. T.O

Sept. 24 1936 Thursday

Metzie is perfectly well & sends her love. She didn't bring her because she had been feeling the cold. & I said. She confides all symptoms to him. Today she has eaten 40 worms, & turned head over heels. Woven, a great treat seeing you — & Lord! what a letter! This house seems like a snail shell. abhorrent Cecil, far from being tired, she daunt set me up. Glad heavenly week, like a home that had a holiday at Rodmell. & Percy have been planting your poplars. Glass. How you showered, like a goddess, from your Comte Comte Corneo Colleoni! Oh Lord I can't write, but am very fond; do Polto & let's have many mad jaunts.

I came back to find
6 pages from Bob
Nichols to say
"You are Stevie Smith. No doubt
And Yellow Paper is
far and away
your best book."

NYPL

Congratulations Harold on the success of his Silyl Stand. fund.

Oh I've been seeing Mme de Polignac.

Monk's House,
Rodmell,
near Lewes,
Sussex.

27th Dec. 1936

Well that is a pleasant kindly well meaning dauphin vulgaire - d'jer think it the very same that got caught & hung in the fishmongers shop at Sevenoaks? I rather think so. There's something - what they call ingenuous, in the expression, that a little soothes & tempts one - might well have been netted. And then we stood & looked at it, & it winked at us in your pink jersey & white pearls. How on Earth did you find it, pack it & send it to come on Christmas day when, as you told me, you had 175 presents to give on that day. Not counting dogs presents, presents to swans & old men who sleep under hedges in the Barn? A miracle. You must go to a sweet shop when you're in London: & you shall choose whichever sweet you like, out of a huge jar. That something for you to look forward to.

I've just been walking on the marsh: a winter sunset: –
I was thinking, what do kingfishers do in winter,
when to a hedgerow, one shot out under my feet
& skimmed the reeds, & caused me about as much pleasure as
an angel... no... I don't care for angels.

Now I'm sitting over my logs, & thanks be
reading Gibbon. The other day I found to my surprise
that this year for the first [illegible] many years I've not earned
a penny: & I want. So that accounts for Gibbon. Only
when I read other people's articles I can't see any cause to
write more. Lord, how I hate the weekly rapers! Then
why write articles! Because I want make 500 pounds.

Shelli new dog is dead. The truth is, no dog
can stand the strain of living with Ethel. I went
down one day & found it on the verge of nervous
collapse. Simply from listening to her conversation.
Never shall I forget a walk all round Wimbledon Golf Club
in the rain – the lame, also taken short, not to put a fine
point on it, in the pavilion. Well, well – & we all
weather as red & roaring, we shant do so badly.

Are you coming up in January? Are we
going jaunting? Yes, we're going to a play with huge
jars of pink yellow & green sweets. You shall have –
I found in a baker bag. Give poor Potter a drink: I
have just caught him a cuff on his tail & sent him
back to Gibbon – a weighty author. V. W.

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